

Just a Day

by BlueberryToasterTart

Category: How to Train Your Dragon  
Genre: Family, Hurt-Comfort  
Language: English  
Characters: Astrid, Hiccup, Stoick, Valka  
Status: Completed  
Published: 2014-06-17 21:37:30  
Updated: 2014-06-17 21:37:30  
Packaged: 2016-04-26 18:10:37  
Rating: K+  
Chapters: 1  
Words: 2,637  
Publisher: [www.fanfiction.net](http://www.fanfiction.net)  
Summary: A drabble about someone who does something. It's very SPOILERY if you haven't seen the movie.

Just a Day

So, I saw the movie and this is something that I'd been thinking about ever since. It was bugging me until I finally got it out of my system. And then I thought I might as well share, you know?

I warn you " if you haven't seen the movie there ARE MAJOR SPOILERS in this drabble. MAJOR SPOILERS for the new dragon movie. Just want to you be prepared. So don't whine about me ruining the movie afterwards.

Ready? Are you sure?

Really sure?

Really REALLY sure?

Okay " onward!

Just a Day

It took him a good while to realize where he was and what had happened. How long had it been? Stoick the Vast came to in a world unlike anything he knew.

"Welcome!" someone had said.

Stoick was greeted by a large man with a beard to battle his own. His cheeks were rosy like he'd been drinking too much mead. The place was high ceilinged and spacious.

"Don't worry, the clouds will clear soon." The cheery man said with a

wide grin.

"Clouds?" Stoick repeated. He sat up from where he'd been laying. He felt great. There was no pain or heaviness in his limbs and that aching that had been plaguing his left knee was gone.

There was something strange but wonderful about this place. Looking around at its gold and bronze flawlessness, Stoick knew that something had happened. He tried to think back but his memory was more than just a little foggy.

"What's going on?" Stoick asked the man. He looked knowledgeable.

"Few enter here and remember it all." He said. "It does come back in time."

Stoick pressed his mind to remember.

"Start from what you know and work from there." Said the cheery man.

"I am Stoick the Vast. Chief of Berk." Stoick said aloud. Memories came back of his home, the sea stacks, the village and its people, the houses and dragons. He thought about his son, Hiccup, and it came back to him.

"Remember?"

"I died." Stoick said. He put a large hand to his chest. There had been a battle. That madman, Drago Bludvist, had remerged from the shadows. Hiccup had gone after him because his heart refused to accept war without looking in every other direction first. Stoick looked back at the man. "Did anyone else come with me?"

"Few." The cheery man said. "They are already inside."

"Inside?" Stoick asked.

"You don't know where you are?" the cheery man asked as he laughed. He gestured around. "A great man like yourself doesn't recognize the glory of Valhalla when he sees it?"

"Valhalla?" Stoick said with as much awe as it deserved. He could see it then, beyond the walls where he was. A great gold palace fit for the gods loomed through the clouds. But his amazement was stifled.

"Is it not what you expected?" asked the cheery man.

"No, it is glorious." Stoick said. "I left my village in the midst of battle. My son, he and my wife, she and"

The cheery man nodded and his smile waned but did not vanished. "You wish to make sure that they are well."

"Are they? Is there a way to find out?" Stoick asked.

"Before you enter into the walls of Valhalla there is an option to return for a short time." The cheery man said. "You cannot be seen or

heard or felt by those still living. You will be as a ghost to them. To observe, to settle the spirit."

"Yes." Stoick said with little thought. "I need to know my village is alright, and my family."

"I must warn you first that many who choose to return come back in lower spirits. That one day will leave you wanting more, to return as a living being, to be part of life once again." The cheery man said, his smile almost a flat line.

"It is a risk I will take." Stoick said with a nod.

The cheery man stood up and nodded. "Alright, Stoick the Vast. But another warning before you visit, time does not flow here as it does there. There is no telling how many days or years have passed since you left that world."

"I will take that chance." Stoick nodded.

"As you wish." The cheery man nodded.

With that nod Stoick felt a weightlessness surrounded him and a bright white light engulfed him. The golden towers and turrets of Valhalla vanished and a blue sky appeared in their place. The sounds of the ocean started out distance but grew closer, like he was standing on the shores of Berk.

He could almost smell the chilly salty air. The air was suddenly filled with the growls and roars of hundreds of dragons. Their wings were beating the air making that thunderous sound he had grown so used to.

The mist evaporated and he was standing on the docks of Berk looking out over the ocean. It was a beautiful day and fishing boats were scattered out, their tiny white sails were varying distances. The sun was bright but it didn't hurt his eyes or even feel warm on his skin.

The docks were intact, and even new in some places. Stoick made his way up the docks to the village. Everything around him was sturdy and intact. It looked more or less like he remembered it. A few things were different, but only the small things.

No one seemed to notice him, which if they could he would expected a reaction from seeing their recently dead chief. He didn't try to speak, but there was a small hope that maybe it had all be a dream or a vision.

His house sat above the village as a chief's should. It was better to see it all. He made his way there through the bustling village.

Maybe it had all been a dream. There was no sign of war or destruction on Berk. He climbed the stairs to his house, or, his old house. It looked just as it had.

Stoick reached out to open the door when the cheerful shrill laugh of a child struck his ears. He pulled his hand away. That laughter was coming from outside, not inside. Curious, Stoick walked around to the

side of the house that looked out over the village and had a view of the sea stacks of ocean beyond.

Valka was sitting on the ground with a chubby faced baby boy in her arms. She was smiling and tickling him and he laughed and squealed. The baby was no more than a year old. His head was smothered in thick tufts of red-brown hair, like Hiccup.

Stoick felt a surge in his chest. That baby looked so much like Hiccup had when he was a babe. But this babe had large blue eyes where Hiccup's had been green. He looked up at Valka with a two-toothed smile and squealed as she tickled his side.

Stoick stood at Valka's side as the baby laughed and squealed. Watching her play with the babe was incredible. It was like when they were married.

Stoick sighed at the memories. Things never stay the same, even for a little bit. Always changing and churning and switching lives up.

Seeing his wife with a child was filling the need to know that his family was alright. Valka was right here and content, alive and happy.

The baby was starting to fuss. The tickles and smiles weren't working as well as they had a short time ago. He let out a pitiful whine and his bottom lip wouldn't retract.

"Oh, don't pout." Valka said in her play voice, like she used with those dragons and with her own son.

"Ma!" the baby shouted. He repeated it again a little more shrill and with a shake of his tiny fists.

"Oh, I know, I know, but Ma is sleeping." Valka said soothingly. She nuzzled the baby and he let a squeal. "Ma needs her rests because someone doesn't like to sleep."

"Ma?" Stoick asked, thinking. The babe was looking to the house and pointed toward it.

When Stoick spoke the baby reacted. He turned his large head toward him sharply with wide eyes. Those blue eyes were looking straight at him with curious blank expression. There was a warmth in his chest as he looked at the baby that appeared to be returning his gaze.

"Can you see me?" Stoick asked, knowing that even if he could the baby couldn't tell him so. He continued to stay at him.

It appeased the baby for a short while but soon he began to fuss again. This time no amount of tickles could erase his frown.

"Ma!" he cried. "MA!"

"Shhh," Valka tried to sooth him. "Ma needs her sleep too."

But the babe didn't care. He cried, and his blue gaze fell over Stoick's shoulder. His eyes grew wide and he stopped his crying at once, his blue eyes locked on something. Interested, Stoick turned to

see what could captivate the babe so.

From the front of the house came Astrid, looking exhausted. Her hair was ruffled with strands out of place around her face. She came over to where Valka was sitting and instantly the babe reached out his chubby hands toward her.

"Ma!" he cried.

"There she is." Valka said to the babe as she lifted him up to Astrid. "Did he wake you?"

"No, didn't hear him." Astrid said, adjusting the child in her arms as though she'd done it a thousand times. The babe grabbed a fist full of her yellow hair and held on tight.

Stoick's mouth fell open as he realized who the child was. He'd seen Hiccup in his face but hadn't thought any farther than that. But now he saw it. It was Hiccup's son, Stoick's grandson.

He felt such a yearning to hold that baby but knew he couldn't. He reached out and held his hand just inches from the babe's comfortable head on Astrid's shoulder.

He understood what that cheery man had meant by wanting more. Stoick felt sad for not being a part of this new life. Seeing Astrid with a child made him want to see how Hiccup was doing, being chief and all.

"Oh, there is something about a mother's arms that soothes a babe like nothing else." Valka sighed. There was a sadness in her eyes as she watched Astrid.

"It's getting about time to start dinner, too." Astrid smiled at the content babe in baby-talk. "Yeah, we need to have food warm and ready when Dad gets home."

Stoick felt a surge in his chest at the idea of seeing Hiccup. The two woman head back into the house with babe between them. Stoick followed and sat eagerly at the table while they prepared dinner.

He sat there for hours listening to Valka and Astrid talk about babies, food, and other things girls talk about. None of it was much interesting to him but hearing them speak to each other in such easy terms was refreshing. They were friends, and it made him happy like he didn't know it would.

Hiccup came home as the sun started to go down. He looked like his old self, only his beard was finally starting to grow. He had exchanged that flying suit for something more suitable for a Viking chief.

"Long day?" Astrid asked. She bounced the babe on her hip.

Hiccup groaned. "You have no idea. I don't know how my dad didn't lost his mind."

Hiccup looked exhausted and sat down with a humph in the seat to the left of Stoick. If could have been like this, Stoick thought. Retiring and being an advisor to Hiccup as he learned how to be

chief, a husband, and a father. All the stories he could have told himâ€¦all the advice he couldn't give him. it was a disheartening thought.

"Hold him while I cook." Astrid said to Hiccup as she leaned forward. The babe looked at Hiccup and instantly reached out to him. Hiccup took the babe with both hands and held him on his lap as Astrid went back over to the hearth.

"I can do that." Hiccup said to the babe. He smiled at him and the babe covered his mouth with his tiny little hands and laughed.

They ate dinner at the table while sitting around Stoick. They were okay. Hiccup was running the village as a chief should and Valka was safe and happy.

Dinner was finished and the babe was falling asleep on his mother's shoulder. Valka offered to clean up. Astrid got up slowly and began to walk to the bedroom. Hiccup got up to and pushed her chair back in.

They vanished behind the curtain to the bedroom. Stoick watched Valka for a while. He wanted so badly to reach out and touch her, but he couldn't. It was such a joy to know she was alright but a horrible pain to think that he was so far from her.

All those years he thought she was gone, and then suddenly she was there. His dear wife, the love of his life, safe and sound. At least he had those last moments with her.

Stoick looked back to the curtained room. Inside, Hiccup and Astrid were standing over a small bed where their son was sleeping sound with his little fists curled underneath him. Astrid was leaning into Hiccup.

"Sleep while you can, Ma." Hiccup said as he kissed her head and hugged her.

Astrid nodded and reluctantly let go of her husband. They held hands and only let go when she had to. There was a bed big enough for two in the room, and Astrid curled underneath the blanket. Hiccup walked outside as quietly as he could.

Stoick gave his grandson and daughter-in-law one last look and followed his son. Valka was finishing up and Hiccup sat back down at the table.

"Are they both asleep?" Valka asked in a whisper.

"Yeah." Hiccup said.

"You look as exhausted as she did. Why don't you go to bed early tonight?" Valka said.

"I should, shouldn't I?" Hiccup sighed.

Valka nodded.

If only Stoick could tell his son to listen to his mother. If never had the chance to before. There were so many things that he hadn't

had the chance to do. What would their life been like if Valka had been there? What would have changed, if anything?

Hiccup stood back up and said a quick goodnight to his mother and vanished back behind the curtain. Stoick sighed as Valka paused at the empty hearth.

"We'll have forever to talk about what could have been, Val." Stoick said. "I can wait as many years as you need."

Stoick could feel the world fading around him. Berk was vanishing. It dissipated and in its place the golden castle of Valhalla returned. He will stay here. One day they will join him, his wife, his son, and friends. Then they can talk about everything. He and his wife and restore those lost years. He could talk to his son about fatherhood, chiefdom, and marriage.

It might be a while but he had plenty of time to wait. And wait he would.

And there it is. I admit I did not cry when he died but I teared up, because I knew it was going to happen so the entire time I was gripping the chair and tensing.

I've got another version of this same story idea but it's set in the world of my other dragon story, "Cheating Death". I'm waiting until the end of that story before I post it because I'll make more sense.

And anyway " hope you enjoyed it. Review if you liked it! Thanks for reading!

End  
file.